

JOLLY JESTS FOR IDLE HOURS

THE SOLDIER LEADS.



"I CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT FELLOW!"
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Suspicious.
"I believe Clarinda is engaged to young Sampson."
"Why?"
"Well, when he first called here she used to tell us everything he said, and now she doesn't tell us anything."—Detroit Free Press.

Time's Change.
The stirrup cup it used to be. When horses held their away. These modern times a "pedal cup" is what the people say.
—New York Journal.

The Place For Him.
"They've found out that one of the army surgeons was a horse doctor."
"Cavalry regiment, I s'pose."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Small Capital.
First Theater Goer—Mrs. de Style, who went on the stage after a divorce scandal, has failed to make expenses.
Second Theater Goer—Well, it wasn't much of a scandal anyhow.
—New York Weekly.

A REMINDER.



Judge (to prisoner at the bar): "Why do you lie so? Have you not got a lawyer?"
—Meggendorfer's.

Wanted the Dollar.
Little Birdie (nestling up to him): "Tell me how rich you are, will you?"
Mr. Dasher (good humoredly): "I hardly know myself. Why do you ask?"
Little Birdie—Well, sister said she'd give a dollar to know, and I thought I might get it.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Forewarned.
"I shall preach here next Sunday morning, as usual," announced the Rev. Dr. Fitzhugh at the close of the regular services.
This is thought to be the reason why Dr. Fitzhugh's audience was so small. His usual style of sermon had begun to pall upon the congregation perhaps.—Chicago Tribune.



THE DUTCH HAVE TAKEN HOLLAND.
—New York Journal.

OUR CHILDREN.



Grandpa: "And why do you believe that little George Washington never told a story?"
Maggie: "Cos I'd be smacked if I didn't."
—Punch.

A Martyr to Duty.

Mrs. Greatman—Horror! Such a looking face! You've been on a spree.
Hon. Mr. Greatman—No-o, m' dear. I've (hic) been to a con(b)gressional funeral.—New York Weekly.

A Hero.

The Kind Lady—So you are a hero of the tented field?
Weary Watkins—Yessum. I was one of the best in the circus at one time.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Savage Bachelor.

"Willson's wife is such a womanly woman," said the gossip boarder.
"Poor Willson!" said the savage bachelor and relapsed into his usual grim silence.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Family Affair.

Irene—You won't pretend you kissed that handsome young military hero "for his mother," I hope?
Maud—No, you spiteful thing! I kissed him for his uncle—his Uncle Sam!—Chicago Post.

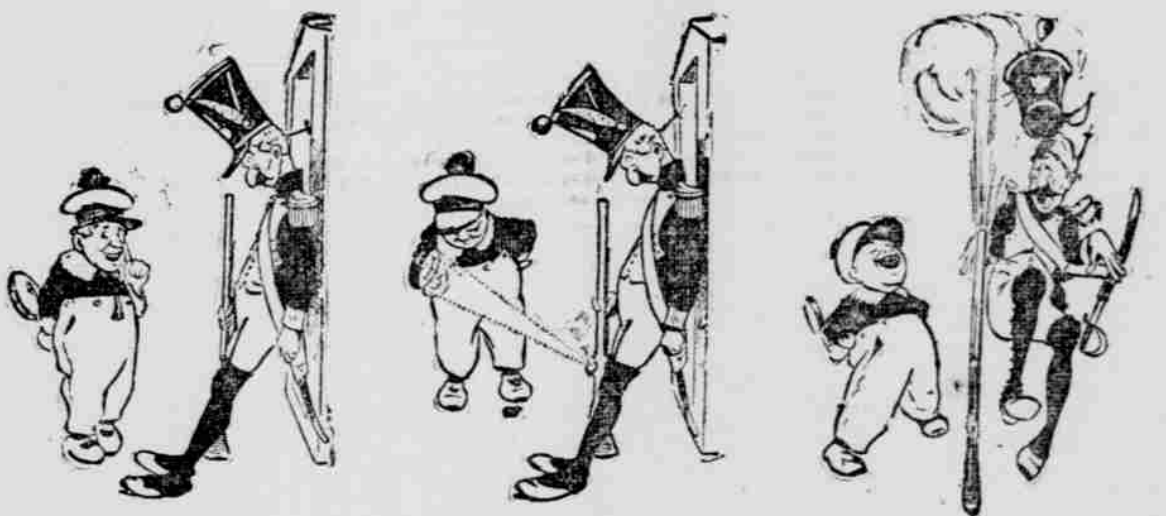
Great Success.

Footlight—How did your friend play the part of Julius Caesar?
Sue Brette—Great! I really thought the audience would assassinate him before Mark Antony had a chance.—Yonkers Statesman.

Everything in Keeping.

"Mrs. Moke keeps on going to the theater since her husband's death."
"Yes, but she goes only to plays that make her weep."—Chicago Record.

RUDELY AWAKENED.



Tommy sees a chance of a bit of fun. While the sentry sleeps he trains his burning glass on to his rifle. Bang ! ! ! ! !
—Comic Cuts.

Wouldn't Stand.

"Spain had a big standing army, didn't she?"
"Yes, in everything except name."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Business Proposition.

Aline—What made you promise to be a sister to him?
Anna—He wears my size shirt.—New York Journal.

Lost Hope.

"Paw, what is a pessimist?"
"Generally he is a hopeless fool."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

First.

"You," she said, with a ravishing droop of her eyelids, "you are first in my heart."
"I wonder," said he unto himself, "who has come later?"—Exchange.

Only One of Its Kind.

"Any unique features at your entertainment last night?"
"Yes. The Japanese lanterns didn't get on fire."—Chicago Record.

What He Lacked.

The Dude—I could make you love me if I had a mind to.
The Daisy—That's just it!—New York Journal.

CRUSHING JOHNNY.



Child (to Johnny Snipple, who has come to the village in top hat and frock coat, prepared to knock 'em): "Please, sir, are you anybody in particular?"
—Scribner's Comic Journal.

Wolf's Fatal Fall.

The visit of the Ancient and Honorable Company of Boston to Quebec recalls the story of the green "Tommy Atkins" who, gazing at the Wolff monument, asks the old soldier guide:
Tommy—Wot's this?
Guide—Ere's were a great 'ero fell.
Tommy—Did hit 'urt 'im?
Guide—'Urt 'im? W'y, 'ell, hit killed 'im.—New York Sun.

Cruelty to the Fallen Foe.

"When a dervish makes up his mind to kill a man, he usually does it."
"Yes, dervish is generally father to the thought."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Home of the Dreamer.

In his stately mansion, six stories in height,
On the top floor, free from care, He dwells. But there's only one story in sight.
—Chicago Tribune.

Alas!

Shades of mud and miry street, Refuse brought by busy feet, Slime and scum and curling peel, Droppings from the passing wheel, Stubs of old and rank cigars, Tossings from the foulest bars, Sweepings from a hundred stores, Ashes, too, and apple cores, Shades of mud, of smear and stain, Trailing skirts are here again!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

REPROOF DELAYED.



"Waal, I declare! Dar's dat good for nuttin boy o' mine climbin a tree ag'in wiv hees new pants on. I'll jes' go over an gib him a dressin down!"
But she found out why "dat good for nuttin boy" had climbed the tree.
—New York Journal.

Missed the Point.

Coming down on the street car, the big, red faced man was talking for the benefit of all on board in telling of a little animal he had bought for his boy to drive and dilating on its good points.
"Does it belong to the 'equis asinus' family?" asked the scholarly and quiet appearing gentleman across the aisle.
"No sir. It belongs to me."
"Same thing," and the red faced man never turned a hair.—Detroit Free Press.

The Right Size.

He—I'm glad that you only come to my shoulder.
She—And why, dear?
He—Your father can't accuse me of raising my eyes to you.—New York Journal.

Boast of the Bashful.

"I have escaped," the hero cried, "A peril few have missed. I got it's true. A shot or two. But I haven't yet been kissed."
—Washington Star.



"UNCLE SAM IS TREADING ON THE TOES OF EUROPE."
—Chicago Record.

Irascible Lieutenant (down engine room tube): "Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"
Voice From Engine Room: "Not at this end, sir!"
—Punch.